

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Good-Night and Joy Be With You All

The weary sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree;
All nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play,
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.
Good-night, and joy—Good-night, and joy,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you all;
For since it's so that I must go,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you all.

Robert Tannahill

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS WALKS THE EARTH

How great is the distance between the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness! The declaration of the peace aims of the Anglo-Saxon Race has lifted up the hearts of men throughout the world, for they are based on the gospel of the Prince of Peace. The declaration of Nazi aims wherever they go depresses the life of man, and wherever a Nazi puts his foot the earth is filled with misery, for he represents the Powers of Darkness.

We of this generation have seen the Prince of Darkness walk the earth. Not for two thousand years has the shadow of a more satanic figure fallen across the human path. It is well that we should realise now and then the sheer wickedness which seeks to overthrow the world.

The Pagan Boast

Most of us believe in God and Right and Justice and Mercy, but Hitler has no belief in God, no faith in higher powers, no interest in the religious beliefs of thousands of millions of mankind who are conscious of an immortal destiny. "We wish to have no other God but Germany," said Hitler in 1923, and to one of his intimate friends he said:

One is either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both. Do you really believe the masses will ever be Christian again? Nonsense! Never again! That tale is finished. The parsons will be made to dig their own graves. I can guarantee that they will replace their Cross with our swastika.

So it is that the Nazis, most of them young men brought up to worship Hitler whose word is life and death, are able to inflict and witness cruelties such as ordinary human beings cannot bear to look upon and cannot read of without shame.

In peace they beat old men to death and turn children into spies upon their fathers and their teachers; in war they drive their tanks over the living bodies of people driven in terror from their homes. Some of the things they have done we have read in our papers; some of them are so foul that they cannot be put into print. Only Nero, Caligula, or Attila the Hun could read without shame the story of the torture the Nazis have inflicted upon multitudes of their fellow men.

The Gangster's Way

Their aircraft have dived low to kill children playing on the beach in the Scilly Isles, and to kill families blackberrying in the South of England. They have attacked lighthouse-keepers with bombs and machine-guns and have bombed British sailors who were rescuing drowning Italians. In Rumania they carried off a man to the woods and there kicked him about, and put an apple on another man's head and shot at it. In Prague they drove armoured cars into a crowd, and bundled injured people into a bank, where the piteous cries as they were being beaten so distressed the Czech police that they tried to force their way in. At Kladno in Bohemia they swept into prison all the leading citizens, the mayor and the councillors, doctors, priests, lawyers, and the chief shopkeepers; many of them died and two went mad. An aged mayor was thrown to death through a window of the Spilberk fortress at Brno, and a dean was released from prison with a broken jaw.

In some of their concentration camps men are rolled over and over on rough stones, water is poured into their eyes and nostrils from a garden hose for an hour at a time, and another trick is to

tell a man that he is free and to shoot him as he walks away. Even Hitler himself telegraphed his congratulations to the Storm Troopers who trampled to death one of his political opponents.

Nazi Humour

There are no depths to which the Nazi will not stoop. Before the Hitler War began the Spanish Government, which was not unfriendly to them, contracted with the German Government to print for Spain a great number of 1000-peseta notes, which were duly printed and delivered in Madrid. Not long afterwards the Bank of Madrid discovered that the country was flooded with false 1000-peseta notes, which the Nazis had printed for themselves to pay for their spying and intrigue, as well as for their normal trade in Spain.

This, perhaps, is the German sense of humour; it has often been said that if this stolid race had had a touch of humour it would have saved itself from all the ruin that has befallen it. Of late the Nazis have been trying to teach their strong men something of the English sense of humour, and have printed our jokes in their text-books with notes of explanation.

Is it this consciousness of the need of a little wit, we wonder, which prompted the Germans to some of their ingenious methods of cruelty? In Poland they pay compensation with banknotes ten years out-of-date. In France they seize most of the potatoes and return a little as an act of generosity. They allow the victims deported from their homes to stock their belongings in the trucks behind their trains and then detach the trucks before the train starts. They invite professors to a lecture at the university and arrest them as they arrive. They ask Dutch children at school which of them listened to the beloved Queen's broadcast from London

the night before, and round up the parents of the little ones who put up their hands. They compel a scientist to watch the burning of his precious papers. In the Nazi scheme of things humour and torture are very near allied.

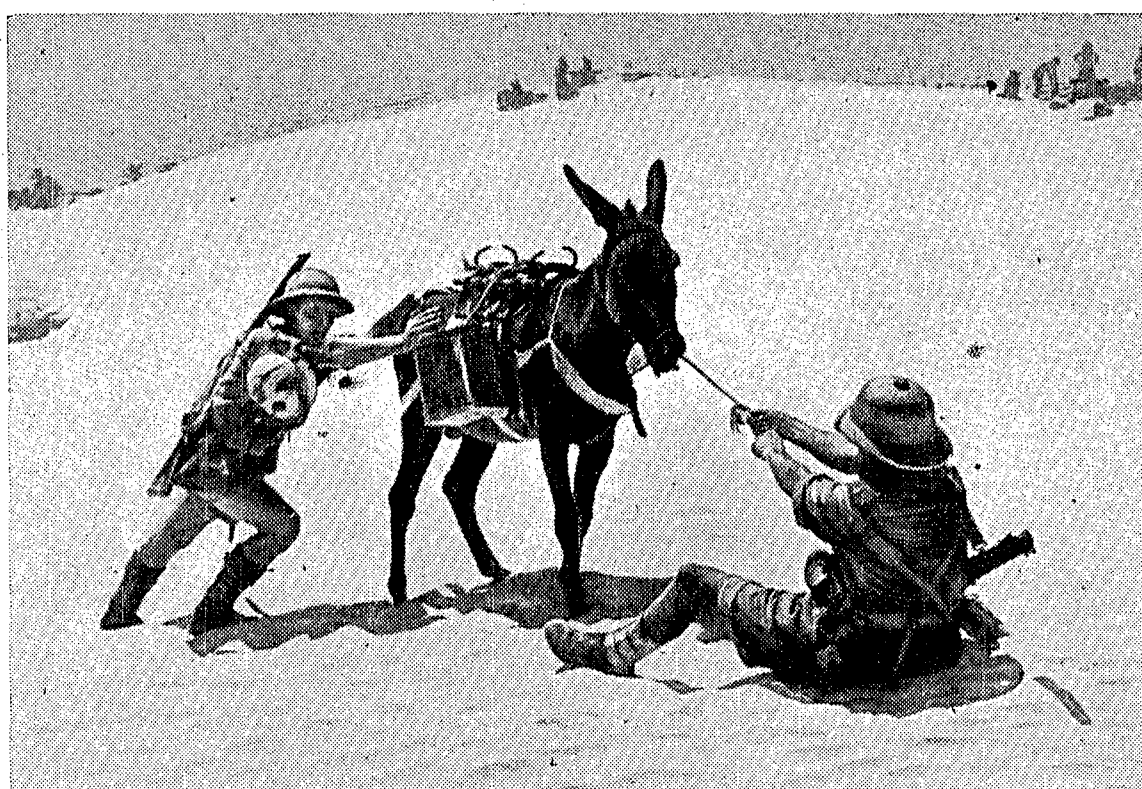
INTO whatever country a Nazi goes, he goes with a profound contempt for it, and with the idea that Germany will one day master it. It has been their idea that for a German abroad there were two citizenships, and that under no circumstances must a German put loyalty to the country he lived in before loyalty to his native land. They must train their people overseas to serve Germany in the countries where they lived, said Hitler, and he must leave the means to their discretion.

Hardness and Hate

What those means have been the whole world knows. They were many and varied, eavesdropping, spying, and sabotage. The Chile police had to arrest the Chief of the German State Bureau in Chile for printing 100,000 leaflets as part of a campaign to stir up racial conflict, and hundreds of societies have been formed, all looking innocent and pretending to work for peace, but actually existing to sow seeds of Nazi influence and to corrupt disloyal citizens who could be bought with gold. All over the world the word quisling has now become familiar as the label for a local Judas who will betray his country for a Nazi bribe.

From the beginning the Nazi is brought up with the idea that he must be a bully with the strength of a brute—tough, as they call it. They must be hard, and not soft like the Democracies. The aim of their education is to harden their bodies rather than cultivate their minds, and to encourage primitive emotions and a crude hatred and contempt

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SLOW MOVEMENT IN THE WESTERN DESERT

Iran Snatched From the Grip of the Hun

To prevent Iran (the Persia of but a little while ago) from becoming a slave of the Nazis in their efforts to dominate the world, British and Russian forces have entered that country, key to the East. These allies can henceforward work as one, while America can pour in through the Persian Gulf the supplies Russia so urgently needs.

Iran is one of those countries which have in ancient times played a leading part in history, having almost dominated the world when Cyrus, "King of Kings," conquered Babylon and ruled from India to Egypt 25 centuries ago. His son Cambyses conquered Egypt, but his successors met their match in the free Greeks, Darius at Marathon, and Xerxes at Thermopylae and Salamis.

It was Alexander of Macedon who eventually overthrew this Persian Empire. Parthians, Arab Mohammedans, Turks, and Mongols under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, in turn held sway until 1500, when Ismail Sufi, a man of saintly ancestry, rose and firmly established that form of Mohammedanism to which most Persians today belong. Under his successors, notably Shah Abbas the Great, Persia regained that prestige in the Arts and Literature which she held in all her periods of peace; but during the last century her power declined.

During the present century, however, there has been a revival of civilisation in this land of 628,000 square miles, its twelve million inhabitants having been given a Constitution in 1906. Her vast reserves of oil have attracted capital and trade, while she has greatly benefited by the friendly relations she has had with our country.

Motor-cars have replaced caravans, and railways have been built, the most recent being a

line from the Persian Gulf to the south-east corner of the Caspian Sea. This passes through Teheran, the capital, with half a million inhabitants, and the lofty Elburz Mountains.

This range comes through the province of Azerbaijan, which is bounded on the north by Russia, and has in Tabriz, its capital, the railroad of a line from Erivan, now capital of Russian Armenia, and formerly a Persian city. It is interesting to recall that the Soviet Republic of Georgia to the north, the native land of Stalin, was ruled by the Shahs of Persia until 1801.

Iran is a land of great variety, having the repute of being a paradise, scented by the rose, made melodious by the nightingale, and offering luscious fruits and nectar to the appetite. But it is only in the valleys that these delights are to be found, for wherever there are fertile vales there is running water. But, mountainous in the west and north-west, and with almost uninhabitable deserts in the east, Iran is not the ideal land that its poets have described. Its vast plateau is a nightmare to the traveller, for the sun pours down intense heat, and travelling is best done under the stars.

The towns, however, with their lovely mosques and colourful bazaars, have great compensations, while the picturesque people, Persians, Mongols, Turks, Hindus, and so on, give romance to this old country now brought into the fight for human freedom.

Water That Goes Upward

ON rainy days we see the rain coming down, but do not take note of the invisible rivers that flow straight upward, defying the old law on the subject.

Dr Thornthwaite, in a lecture on tree-planting, has explained the contradiction. The upward flow arises from evaporation, which in one way or another returns to the air all the rain and snow that falls from it. By direct scientific measurement it can be shown that half the flow of these invisible upward-flowing rivers comes from the

land surfaces through evaporation from the soil and the plants growing on it. Transpiration, or moist upward breathing of the plants, carries off much more water than direct evaporation from the soil.

The lessons from Dr Thornthwaite's observations are that areas subject to floods should be covered with plants having a high rate of evaporation, and droughty regions should be planted with vegetation which evaporates its moisture slowly and keeps the water down.

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

Continued from page 1

of other races. The whole movement is based on Hitler's ready-made labels and catchwords; even the applause at their meetings is arranged to order. They live like machines from the cradle to the grave. They need not train their minds to think. They need no intellectual education, no spiritual quickening, no imagination. They need believe in nothing higher than Hitler. God, Eternity, Immortality, the Universe, a man's duty to his neighbour, need not trouble them. They are cogs in the wheel of the German Juggernaut. It is hardness and hate that they want.

It is these followers of the Prince of Darkness who imagine that they can possess the earth and have already enslaved the lives of hundreds of millions of European peoples. They have brought Europe to the level of Darkest Africa. They would drive Englishmen and Scotsmen and Dutchmen and Belgians and Poles and Slavs and Scandinavians and the rest to lead the lives of Hottentots and Bushmen and Blackfellows.

But two plain men at sea have lit the Lamp which will pierce their darkness with its beams and will scatter the powers of evil as the rising sun scatters the night. **Arthur Mee**

POSTERS BY YOUNGSTERS

Pictures by children have been attracting many visitors to London galleries and have been highly praised.

The most striking has been the Poster Exhibition at the Royal Academy, promoted by the National Savings Committee, with 1500 posters chosen from 50,000 entries by children and art students from five to eighteen. One five-year-old, Pat Wilde of Coventry, sent a group of children's heads with the inscription "We Buy Savings Stamps: Do You?"

Sir Edwin Lutyens, President of the Royal Academy, opened this exhibition, and the prizes, which are Savings Certificates, are being awarded by the votes of the public.

Another exhibition, in which children of many nationalities are represented, is being held until September 10 at 36 Upper Park Road, near Belsize Park Station. Here the youngest contributor is under four. Among the exhibits are a series from refugee children at Edmond Castle in Cumberland and at internment camps in the Isle of Man. A Czech boy of six has sent a striking family group, while Chinese boys of 17 have contributed war posters.

This Kind World

DEAR EDITOR, Yesterday morning a little scholar here was taken very ill, and the doctor advised me to take her to the Children's Hospital at once. A taxi was sent for immediately but not one was available. However, a Trent bus driver who was having the handle of his door repaired at the garage offered to help. He drove us to the hospital and carried the little girl into the ward. On my offering to pay him he refused any money and said how pleased he was to be able to help. I heard later in the day from the hospital that the promptness in getting the little girl there had in all probability saved her life.

CONSTANCE FIRTH, headmistress, Gerard Street School, Derby

TOMMY JONES

Northam is in Devon. It remembers great days, has the grave of Salvation Yeo, and breathes the very atmosphere of Kingsley's Westward Ho! It remembers, too, Tommy Jones.

Tommy mended bicycles and sold newspapers in his little shop. He never won fame. He did not pile up a fortune. He was not the man to set the Thames on fire. But he was always smiling.

He had time to spare for everyone. He did little things for children. He listened to folk who were in trouble. He had a cheery word for anyone who was sad. All the village loved him; and when the war brought R A F men to the district, they, too, learnt to respect him and make him a friend.

One day he was knocked down by a car, and died soon after. The village church, which holds 800 people, could not hold the crowd at his funeral. Almost all of them remembered some kind word he had said to them, some little kindness he had done.

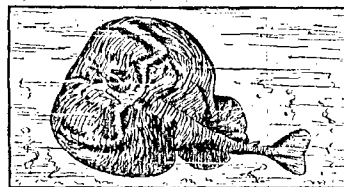
LITTLE NEWS REELS

It has been pleasant news to an immense number of people to learn on the highest possible authority that the Queen does not smoke.

Mr H. H. Tuck, a butcher of Northfleet, Kent, has made a five-ton stack of hay from grass verges along the roads to feed his stock during winter.

It is proposed to set up bathing-stations in hoppers' camps in Kent.

ABOUT 1500 deep wells, yielding 40 million gallons of water daily, have been discovered in Manchester and Salford, and will be used for fire fighting; some of them are Roman.



When five attendants in New York Aquarium were trying to weigh a torpedo ray they received from the fish a 200-volt electric shock which temporarily paralysed them.

GERMANY is taking down bronze statues in Greece to turn them into munitions.

On some of the Greek islands the doors of houses must remain open all night so that the Nazis can enter when they please.

The Chinese Government spokesman announces splendid crops from all parts of Free China.

KENYA is to borrow stamps from South Africa, owing to a shortage; they will be suitably overprinted.

Scout and Guide News Reel

CZECH Scouts in this country, the 28th Carlisle Troop, have held a most successful camp, where they were visited by their Commissioner, Dr Fanderlik.

Instead of having the usual cake for the Troop's birthday (their 10th), Nova Scotia Scouts of the 17th Halifax Troop sent the money to the Spitfire Fund.

Ten thousand wire coat-hangers have been asked for by a Canadian

CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EAR

When our House of Commons, raising its venerable and unbowed head, begins again to reconstruct its debating Chamber it may take a hint from Argentina.

At Buenos Aires the new Argentine House of Commons, or Chamber of Deputies, has been designed in such a way that every member can be heard by everyone. There is a microphone for each individual, 193 in all, as well as four loud-speakers in the galleries. The President and his two secretaries have specially-fitted microphones at their command, and two more are at the service of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House. Argentina borrowed the democratic assembly from our Mother of Parliaments; we shall have repaid the debt if we borrow better hearing from them in our new House.

THINGS SEEN

A notice at Evesham in Worcestershire:

For the protection of the public the officer on point duty is forbidden to answer questions.

French fishermen making the V sign with their oars to the R A F flying over the Channel.

It has been announced that buses are to carry more standing passengers. Single-deckers, for instance, will have wide corridor space between the seats so that 30 people can sit while 30 more strap-hang.

A Gravesend mother who was summoned for not sending her three boys to school explained that she had to leave home early to work, and that none of the boys could tell the time!

The church clock at Brenchley in Kent has been stopped by a starling which built its nest in it.

OUT of 68 silhouettes of Allied, U.S. and enemy aircraft, a Perth A T C boy identified 67.

Shell fragments sent from London to America have been auctioned and returned to us as a mobile tea car for air raid work.

In many parts of Britain a record flax harvest is being reaped.

AN earwig in the delicate bomb-releasing mechanism prevented the release of incendiaries in a British bomber the other day.

It is believed that some thousands of tons of blackberries and other wild fruits will be harvested from the hedgerows for jam-making, and the Board of Education hopes that schools will organise parties for the picking.

The Vicar of Dover, whose church is nearer to the enemy than any other in England, is keeping a diary full of exciting entries, such as *Shelling during Evensong, Machine-gunning of balloons during service, and Bren guns in front of church opening fire on raiders.*

military camp, and Ottawa Scouts and Cubs are making the collection.

By collecting toys, bonos, and waste paper, a company of Suffolk Guides has been able to invest £35 in National Savings.

Since the war began the Guides of the 2nd Aylesbury Company have been acting as orderlies in a big hospital.

Woolwich war effort has benefited by £33 from dolls dressed and sold by Edna Bradley, an invalid Guide.

The Old Lady Digs For Victory

We hear of an old lady of 74, living in a lonely cottage near Malmesbury, who determined to dig a big piece of waste land near her house which had been neglected for years. She dug every inch herself. The hard work made her sleep well; the lovely smell of newly-turned earth and the fresh air made her feel well; and now she feeds herself and her neighbours with fresh vegetables.

The Flag Upside-Down

Our attention has been called to the fact that the Union Jack flag sold in aid of the National Air Raid Distress Fund the other day was upside-down, but this apparent mistake was deliberate. The flag upside-down means distress, and therefore well signified the purpose of the flag day.

It Cannot be Destroyed

What flower is it that Hitler cannot destroy? the boys of King William's College in the Isle of Man were asked the other day, and a bright boy guessed the answer: *London Pride.*

GOOD WORK LASTS LONGEST

Most of us have noticed how chimney-stacks stand up among the ruins. When the time comes for the publication of knowledge gleaned from air raids the public will be surprised to learn how aptly the old saying "A stitch in time saves nine" applies to houses.

It is found that property which has been well maintained is much more resistant to blast than was expected. Parts of old buildings newly rebuilt or properly maintained stand staunch, while neglected parts have gone down like houses of cards. Chimneys are usually well built everywhere, and a chimney or a renovated wall continues erect where all else has toppled. We should not be surprised if, after all this experience, compulsory repair of property may some day be enforced.

A CUP OF TEA

Salford has just received from America a wooden cabinet bearing the surprising name "A cup of tea in time." It can be strapped on to any private car, and contains two thermos urns and 36 mugs. When the tea for 36 is made it is poured into the two urns, and can be rushed off in any emergency. The cabinet has been put into the hands of the ever-ready W V S.

SPLINTER-PROOF GREENHOUSE

A balloon crew in North London is growing tomatoes.

They care for their greenhouse in spare time, and are particularly proud of it because they believe it to be unique. Finding by experience that they were stationed in a part of the city often visited by raiders, they decided to build a greenhouse different from all others. To do this they took splinter-proof glass from derelict motor-cars on a dump near by, and now the blast of falling bombs and the shattering effect of heavy gunfire fail to crack the panes of glass in a greenhouse where tomatoes are ripening every day.

A FAMOUS BARQUE

Many vessels will recall the annual "wheat race" which used to be run by sailing ships voyaging from Australia to Europe.

One of them was the Finnish four-masted barque Pamir, which in June 1939 won the contest by reaching Falmouth from Port Victoria with 4400 tons of wheat in 96 days. She was and is a lovely vessel.

Every lover of the sea will hear with interest that, owing to the fact that Finland has joined the Nazis, the Pamir has been seized as a war prize at Wellington, New Zealand, with her cargo.

The Biggest Eye in the World is Opening

AFTER five patient years the end is in sight with the 200-inch mirror telescope of Mount Palomar, California. For nearly all that time the grinders and polishers have been at work on the 17-ton glass disc, removing four tons of the glass to leave a perfect surface, true to the millionth of an inch, on which to lay the reflecting metal and the mirror. Grinding, polishing, surfacing are all finished. The metal work of the telescope and all its complicated machinery have been completed, and the

This story of a desperate race with death has been thrilling the hardy settlers in Australia's great Outback.

MRS TED HEATHCOCK is the wife of a Northern Territory police constable at Borroloola on the McArthur River. Her husband was away when an urgent message for medical aid came from a pastoralist at Wearyan Station in Arnhem Land. He had shot himself accidentally above the knee

and had shattered the bone. At once Mrs Heathcock sent a pedal radio message to the Flying Doctor at Cloncurry, who landed at the police station the next day with the news that the aerodrome at Wearyan was too rough to land on. Determined to get aid to the injured settler, Mrs Heathcock set out in an aboriginal canoe. It took her two days and nights to paddle 55 miles down the swollen McArthur River, for it was the

wet season. Then she and the natives with her found themselves being tossed about in the Gulf of Carpentaria. They paddled through heavy seas for 15 miles and then reached the Wearyan River and the station homestead.

After giving first aid to the settler, Mrs Heathcock got the natives busy clearing the aerodrome, but when the Flying Doctor arrived his patient had passed on.



SCHOOL IN 1941 Little evacuees at a nursery opened in Exeter by the Save the Children Fund for an American church newspaper

A Bishop's Waders

A boy in the wholesale department of a big firm was bewildered the other day when told to pack a pair of fisherman's waders for Bishop Auckland.

"What does a bishop want with waders?" he inquired innocently.

THIS HAPPENED IN KENT

A correspondent who is an ARP warden in a hop-picking district reports an instance of almost incredible carelessness. Fruit-pickers are living in a hut in one hopper-camp where, whenever the warning sounds at night, the warden looks round for unobscured lights. One night recently he saw a bright light showing from an open door, and walked across to investigate.

A boy of six was asleep on a straw bed. A candle, stuck to a match-box perched on a table littered with rubbish, had burnt down to the last quarter-inch. There was no grown-up person within call, the people in charge of the small boy having gone to the local publichouse.

A BRONTË RING

What is believed to be Charlotte Brontë's engagement ring has been given to the Brontë Society.

The donor is Miss Charlotte Brontë Nicholls, whose uncle married Charlotte Brontë in 1854. Decorated with tiny bosses and five pearls, the ring is unusually small, and as Charlotte had an exceptionally small hand it seems all the more likely that this is the ring Arthur Nicholls gave her on their engagement.

BEWARE THE TOADSTOOL

A word in season has been just spoken about mushrooms and toadstools by Dr J. Ramsbotham of the Natural History Museum.

Many of our town children now in the country will be seeing mushrooms in the meadows for the first time, and will be less able than country children to tell them from the unsavoury toadstool. There are actually 40 or 50 toadstools of a more delicate flavour than the mushroom, but Dr Ramsbotham prudently refrains from recommending them. On the other hand, while paying tribute to one or two varieties, he pointedly warns all children against others. The most notorious of these, and the most poisonous, have the pretty surname of Amanta. Above all, beware of the *Amanta Muscaria*, which has a scarlet white-spotted cap. It shows the red light of danger.

THE DIFFERENCE

For months East Suffolk Education Committee advertised for domestic science mistresses to teach cooking, but all in vain. Then someone let it be known that they were wanted to teach naval ratings how to cook, and applications rolled in!

The Invaders

At a time when we are told to be ready day and night for invasion it is interesting to know that skeletons of men who did actually invade this country have recently come to light at Gainsborough.

The invaders have been dead long centuries, however, for they were Danes, and they are believed to have fallen in battle during a raid 1000 years before Hitler was born.

THE WASP AND THE BLUEBOTTLE

A correspondent writes to say that the wasp is by no means merely a nuisance.

If he raids the jam-pot he also hunts the bluebottle; a wasp is said to be as destructive of flies as a spider. At the same time we are told that there is no need to worry about the wasp as a biter; but we are not so sure of this. All very well to say that he only stings in self-defence, but we have known him sting our ankle when we were quietly reading, and to sting a little maid without even announcing his arrival.

What a Traveller Saw in Russia

MR H. H. ELVIN, a leader of the Labour Party, has told us something of what he saw in Russia after he had gained the confidence of her Government.

A wonderful advance in education had raised attendance at schools from 7 to 19 millions, and literacy had increased from 10 per cent to 90 per cent. Young mothers in the past had suffered ignorance and superstition; now there are clinics everywhere, resulting in a great saving of lives. Most women went out to work, and the children were systematic-

THE POLICE AND THE BOYS

For three years there have been no cases of juvenile crime in the New York village of Tuckahoe, a rather remarkable state of affairs due to the police. But it is not because the children are afraid of the arm of the law.

Ten years ago a police officer named Milton Gibbons saved six boys from being sent to a reformatory school by promising that he would keep them out of further trouble. He made them the first members of the Tuckahoe Police Associates Boys Club, which met in the basement of his home. Soon it had to move to a school building and to include girls; it now has 318 members, and it is said that none of these have broken the law since they joined the club.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is not unknown in the R A F for a pilot to forget to lower his undercarriage when making a landing. This happened to a member of a fighter squadron in the North of England the other day.

The machine was little damaged and the pilot was able to step out from his cockpit unhurt. As he did so his attention was drawn to the name of the machine painted on the fuselage.

It was *Lest We Forget*.

HOT MEALS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Essex and Kent have both started a new idea for feeding land workers.

It often happens that such workers (men and women and children) are unable to obtain good meals, and the Rochford Rural District Council in Essex this summer opened a kitchen at which hot meals could be obtained, to be consumed in the village or carried away. Now the idea has been copied at Kem-sing in Kent, where the Seven-oaks Rural Council has opened a cash-and-carry kitchen in an old barn. Customers bring their own dishes, and can get a good meal for sixpence. The work in this case is done by the W V S.

CONFIDENCE

A gallant carpenter who is well past his threescore years and ten, finding, as he says, that the country needed men for work, has taken up duty again. Congratulated on the skill with which he wielded a heavy short hammer in shoring up a threatened bay window, he replied, "Oh, that's a light hammer; my real job is heavy work on the railways." Having completed his task, he surveyed the window with satisfaction. "She'll not move now," he said; "those shores would hold the earth up!"

September 6, 1941

The Children's

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Too Much Asking

Is it not time the Government took John Ruskin's advice and told the nation what to do instead of asking it what it will do?

We remember hearing an admirable broadcast asking us if we would please be kind enough to use the National wholemeal loaf instead of the inferior white bread which most people prefer because it looks better.

But if it would help the war for us all to eat National bread the proper thing to do is not to ask us to eat it but to compel us to eat it by providing nothing else.

Gems From Rome

WE cannot refrain from reproducing these three gems from three Axis broadcasts.

GOD does not stand by the Greeks, and it is better for them not to speak about rights as, since recent events, Greece has only duties and no rights. Her duty is to keep quiet.

THE first Italian divisions bound for the Russian front have already passed through Vienna; they have still to cover several hundred kilometres before reaching the front, but will arrive in time to gather the laurels.

REVIEWING the Italian Expeditionary Force to the Eastern Front the Duce said: "Blackshirts! If we proceed according to the marvellous Italian spirit we can see with mathematical precision that we shall be victorious."

COUNTRY BERRIES

THE shortage of fruit and the residence in the country of town children make necessary a warning on eating wild berries.

Fortunately the deadly nightshade is not very common, but there are many other poisonous herbs. The seeds of the laburnum are poisonous, and so are the berries of the arum lily (lords and ladies), the sunspurge, and the crowberry. Always ask country folk before eating berries.

Under the Editor's Table

AN Oxford don found land work difficult. Expected to get on by degrees.

THE man who can see two waterfalls from his window evidently has sound views.

FOOD is a munition of war, says a speaker. Not complimentary to his wife's cooking.

NORTHFLEET people do not want an air-raid warning. Nor an air-raid.

A MAN has invented a folding motor-car. Price doubled, no doubt.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If traffic jams are rationed

THE newest sardines are a kind of perch. You can get on with your meal.

THE war has disclosed that girls can keep a secret. They have given this secret away.

PANELS have been formed to decide which girls can do war-service. Doorways to the future.

A GIRL says she would like to go in for landwork. But she will have to come out.

A CHILD of seven has become a jazz expert. Surely he could have done it at three?

Things Are Not Always What They Seem

YES, they said; that's the sort of thing you still see in this town. It's wartime, and there's a petrol shortage, but she still drives about the place on her Saturday shopping. And she has a chauffeur, when men are being called up right and left.

It certainly did look wrong, except that the chauffeur wasn't exactly young. The call-up was not likely to reach him—not until they begin to call up the sixties. The lady was in her sixties, too. She was rather a charming lady, seated in her Rolls-Royce—not a very new one, but a fine one—passing up the High Street on this sunny Saturday.

SHE did not look at all the kind of lady who would take advantage of her position, either in wartime or at any other time. She looked a kindly, generous woman, calm and dignified, yet neither proud nor aloof, and she was watching the shopping crowds with an alert comradeship, as though most of their worries and troubles were hers.

The big car pulled up outside a shop where there was a long waiting list, and its owner took her place at the end of the queue. Saturday shopping, save for the Rolls-Royce, was the same for her as for others.

Now for the facts of the case.

THE lady in the car may have been rich once, but she is far from rich today. The investments from which she used to draw an ample income are worth only a small part of what they used to be, and income-tax takes half of that. Yet she still lives in the big house which was left to her, for she cannot afford to rent another.

She gets no more petrol than anyone else, and that is just enough to enable her to use her car on Saturdays. It is a car which is greedy for petrol, but she has had it many years, and to get another is impossible.

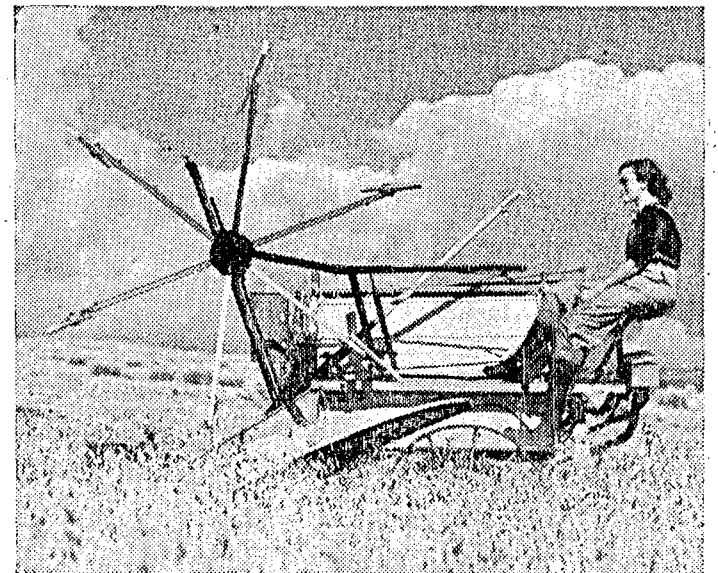
She has had her chauffeur many years, too; before the era of cars he was her coachman, and she will not part with him now. Where could he get another job, or another home? So he spends six days of the week doing odd jobs in the garden and the house, in addition to cleaning his beloved Rolls. The devotion of mistress and man is a fine thing to see, for they are true friends, whose friendship is not marred in any way by the fact that the one pays the other.

MEET the Lady, the Big Car, and the Chauffeur, and you will think as others do; but read these facts of the case and you will see that here, once more, things are not always what they seem.

Young People on the Land



Reclaiming Waste Land—Schoolboys from Swansea who spent their holiday at Trelleck near Monmouth clearing bracken from derelict land wanted for crops



Harvesting the Crops—A land girl operating a reaper and binder on one of Britain's biggest wheatfields, on the Sussex Downs

Fields of White and Gold Where Motor-Cars Will Grow

WE are apt to think, and it is true, that we are living in the most wonderful age the world has ever known.

Yet who can imagine the transformation that may come about in the next generation? One of them we can dimly visualise as we read the news that has arrived from the Ford motor works in U.S.A.

Mr Ford is proposing to grow his own cars. That is to say, instead of toiling to dig out of the earth the iron ores, and to turn the iron into steel in roaring furnaces, he will make his cars of plastic materials made up of such things as wheat, cotton, maize, soya beans, with resin to act as a binder. "Those are motor-car farms," men will say

as they point out the smiling farmlands.

Mr Ford believes he can do this remarkable thing and has actually made one of these plastic cars. It is stronger and lighter than steel, and can take a blow ten times harder than steel before it dents. It is cheaper to make than a steel car, because there are fewer operations. It is cheaper to run because it is lighter.

So those who are young may live to see golden fields of grain and white fields of cotton growing not for food alone but for transport vehicles, for if cars why not trains, and if trains why not planes? It is only one of the astounding changes that are coming about.

The Wasted Land and Labour

MANY complaints have been made since the outbreak of war about the land and labour wasted on hops. Now, with another wartime hop-harvest here, vigorous protests have been made in Kent at the pampering of the pickers.

They are to be allowed special rations of tinned meat, fish, and milk: foods of which there has been a short supply in the villages for many months.

As some of the gardens are in "danger" areas near the coast, the coming into the district of thousands of extra women and children has caused much concern, and protests have been made, the most important coming from an organiser under the Emergency Feeding Plan, who

states that the population of his district will be increased by 150 per cent, but that the authorities will allow no additional emergency rations.

Even the hop-growers themselves are concerned, and one of them said recently that "no other industry but the Beer Trade" would have been able to get permission to carry on.

There are two opinions as to whether beer is necessary, but in times like these, with Mr Churchill's warning of the "invasion season" in our ears, we are tempted to wonder at the wisdom of those who permit hop-picking in danger areas, even if we overlook the labour and the land wasted, and the "pampering" of the hoppers.

There's a Voice From Philadelphia

AMERICA is a land where dreams come true and youth and talent have a free path to the heights of fame and wonder. Marian Anderson, America's great Negro singer, has lately received the Bok award of ten thousand dollars given to whoever is considered to have done most for the community of which Philadelphia is the centre.

IN Philadelphia, in the little brick house in which she was born, Marian Anderson lives very simply. It was there that she took in washing to support her widowed mother until someone noticed the deep rich contralto in the child's voice. It was from here that she set out to win triumphs in the world of song, but fame and riches have not spoiled her. She is still the girl from Philadelphia "who does most for the community."

Her father used to peddle ice and coal along the city streets, but his earnings were poor and the family in the red brick house had to go without many things. Then suddenly he died, and poverty descended on the home where the mother and the three girls lived. But they all sang in that home and all washed and scrubbed, anything and anywhere, so that the poor rickety, secondhand piano might go and a beautiful new one come in its place.

The Shining Ladder

At eight all Marian's dreams were in the piano. Its dancing keyboard was the shining ladder to the world of music and song. Her mother would sit in the dark listening to the deep notes of the child's voice, and hoped for the day when all America would listen to it.

Marian sang her first solo, The Lord is My Shepherd, when she was six. At 13 she was in the church choir. When the soprano failed the leader would ask her to sing soprano, and when the contralto was missing she filled her place and even deputised for the bass parts, taking them an octave higher. In this way the range of her voice was lengthened. Whenever a notice was put outside the church that Marian Anderson would sing there was always a crowded congregation.

Fortunately the headmistress of her school saw beauty and wonder in Marian's voice, and from Philadelphia she went to New York to sing to Boghetti, the great Italian singing master. With 125 dollars in her pocket she boarded the train in fear.

Boghetti heard her one evening at dusk. He was tired and fretful, and could hardly be persuaded to listen, but he opened the piano and began to play the first bars of "Deep River," a

song of the Negro people which Marian handed to him. Then she sang, and Boghetti stared at her and finally burst into tears.

Now began years of hard work, and in Philadelphia people subscribed to "Marian Anderson's Future Fund" to provide for her in New York. Not until Boghetti said Yes did she appear on the concert platform, and then she matched her voice against the great Philadelphia Orchestra. It was a wonderful voice, said musical America, but was she not "only a Negro girl from Philadelphia?" That was a cruel blow for Marian. And there was worse to come. She fought hard for recognition in America. People applauded and Marian earned money, but she had not won the heart of America. Would she ever do it?

London heard her and cheered. Paris and Rome echoed with the marvels of this American singer, and in Sweden Sibelius gathered a select group of famous musicians to hear her, and he wrote songs for her. "The roof of my house is too low for you," he said to her.

Across the Atlantic went news of her triumph, and New York welcomed her home with rapture. But in Washington the concert halls were still closed to her. "We don't take coloured," was the reply of the managers.

At the Feet of Lincoln

Again Marian hung her head in sadness, but not in bitterness. A storm of protest swept America and carried her one Easter Sunday afternoon to sing out of doors on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. There, at the feet of the Great Emancipator, Marian Anderson sang "My soul is anchored in the Lord" with all her heart to 75,000 assembled people. Not only did she see before her the great crowd of cheering people, but a vision of the whole host of her own people being saluted as men and women among the people of America.

Today Marian Anderson is one of the six musical artists in America who can fill any concert hall, because, as someone said, "She sings to the soul of her audience." To millions of her own people she is the "girl from Philadelphia" who won fame not only by hard work but by an unconquerable soul.

FRIENDS GO UP HIGHER

WE are all used to seeing our friends the sheep grazing high up on the mountain sides of the Lake District and Scotland; but in this country we are not used to seeing our cows there. But that is where British cattle will presently be feeding, like their brethren on Swiss pastures.

The Ministry of Agriculture has asked Northern farmers if they would support a scheme for the highland grazing of cattle,

and they have consented, so farmers now feed their cows on hillside pastures for at least eight months of the year. The Ministry will grant a subsidy of £2 a cow for three years. Sheep feed on Lakeland mountains up to 2000 feet; and take all the fine grass. Cows like the rough grass, so their presence on the uplands will improve the grass and help to keep down the bracken.

The World Wakes Up in the Morning

DAY had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and
the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and
the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the
mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the
dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the
river's brim,
Like lamps which a student for-
gets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his
horn,
The crickets were still in the
meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's
gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every
one,
Fled from the brains which are
their prey,
From the lamp's death to the
morning ray. Shelley

THE BLESSINGS

I HAVE fallen into the hands, of
thieves: what then? They
have left me the sun and the moon,
fire and water, a loving wife and
many friends to pity me, and some
to relieve me, and I can still dis-
course; and, unless I list, they have
not taken away my merry counten-
ance and my cheerful spirit and a
good conscience. And he that hath
so many causes of joy, and so great,
is very much in love with sorrow
and peevishness who loses all these
pleasures, and chooses to sit down
on his little handful of thorns.

Jeremy Taylor

Her Branches Sweep the World

SHE stands, a thousand-win-
tered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the
sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds
conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings
made,
New nations fostered in her
shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath
was blown
That wafted you afar.
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall:
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

William Watson

ON GOING TO ETON

I, Provost of this College, admit
thee into the number of King's
Scholars at the College of the Blessed
Mary of Eton in the name of the
Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit.

Be a good boy, teachable and
truthful, being so pure and whole-
hearted a youth among thy fellows
that at the last thou mayst come
out of thy college life an honest
citizen and a man of use to his
country. To the greater glory of
God be this so, through Jesus
Christ our Lord. Amen.

Form of admission of King's
Scholars to Eton College

Any Friend to Any Friend

THE land where I shall mind you
not
Is the land where all's forgot.

THE STOUT HEART

A stout heart may be ruined in
fortune but not in spirit.

Victor Hugo



OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD

LET love be without dissimula-
tion. Abhor that which is
evil; cleave to that which is
good. Be kindly affectioned one
to another, with brotherly love,
in honour preferring one another;
not slothful in business; fervent
in spirit; serving the Lord;
rejoicing in hope; patient in
tribulation; continuing instant
in prayer; distributing to the
necessity of saints; given to
hospitality.

Bless them which persecute
you; bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that rejoice,
and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one
toward another. Mind not high
things, but condescend to men
of low estate. Be not wise in
your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil
for evil. Provide things honest in
the sight of all men. If it be pos-
sible, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not
yourselves, but rather give place

unto wrath, for it is written
Vengeance is mine, I will repay,
saith the Lord. Therefore if thine
enemy hunger, feed him; if he
thirst, give him drink: for in so
doing thou shalt heap coals of
fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but
overcome evil with good.

Let every soul be subject to
the higher powers; for there is no
power but of God; the powers
that be are ordained of God.
Whosoever therefore resisteth
the power resisteth the ordinance
of God.

Render to all their dues;
tribute to whom tribute is due;
custom to whom custom; fear
to whom fear; honour to whom
honour.

Owe no man anything, but
to love one another; for he that
loveth another hath fulfilled the
law. Love worketh no ill to his
neighbour; therefore love is the
fulfilling of the law.

St Paul to the Romans

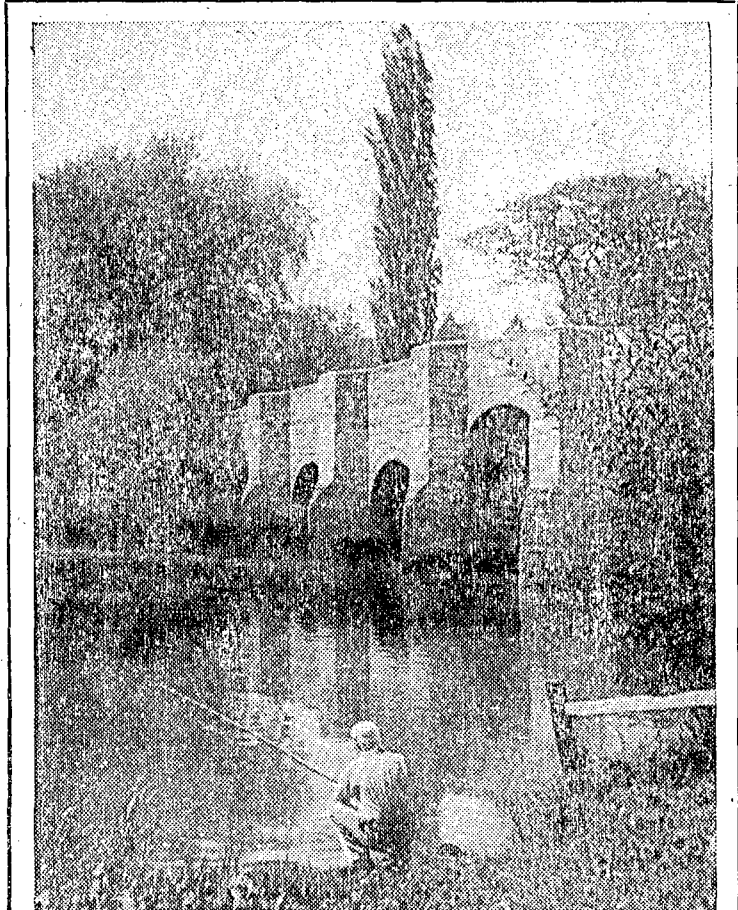
THE UNSEEN HAND

LAST night I watched, as in a
dream, a game of chess,
And soon the chessmen came to
life. I must confess
I was surprised to hear the
strangest language used,
As each lone piece his rival
threatened and abused.

The kings and pawns seemed not
to see or understand,
That they were moved and
governed by a human hand:
I never can forget the beaten
side's chagrin,
As each was rudely hurled back
in his box of tin.

Again I seemed to dream the
chessmen changed once more;
It was not now a game of pieces
as before
But nation fighting nation in a
deadly plan,
For ever to destroy the sacred
rights of man.

Again there is a hand, but not a
human hand,
A hand no man can either see or
understand,
That moves in perfect order all
the-worlds of space,
And also shapes the fortunes of
the human race. E. Oxburgh



The lovely old bridge across the Arun at Stopham in
Sussex. It was built in 1307 by the Barttelots, a
family who have been in Sussex since the Conquest

ONE SMALL SHIP AGAINST 53

It Was Just 350 Years Ago

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—
sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not
into the hands of Spain!"

And the water began to heave, and
the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a
great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is
raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and
their sails and their masts and
their flags.
And the whole sea plunged and
fell on the shot-shattered navy
of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went
down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

GRENVILLE OF THE REVENGE

It is just 350 years since Sir Richard Grenville and his little ship Revenge sailed into their immortality.

He was born (just 400 years ago) of an ancient Cornish family and, a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh, was, like him and other men of that Golden Age, distinguished by vigour of mind as well as power of arm, and by a love of country so intense that it was almost a religion.

After fighting against the Turks in Hungary as a youth, and serving at home as a member of Parliament and a military engineer, Grenville was sent out by Raleigh to found our first colony in Virginia. On the way home his ship was attacked by a Spanish war vessel, but the Englishman mastered his would-be captor.

Drake's Favourite Ship

In 1591, when the Spanish treasure galleons were expected to sail from South America for Europe, an English fleet of six fighting ships was sent out to waylay them. Raleigh had intended to share the venture, but was unable to do so; so Lord Thomas Howard commanded, with Grenville as vice-admiral sailing in the Revenge, Drake's favourite ship, in which he had helped to defeat the Armada.

After the loss of the Armada Spain had built a new fleet, and when the time came for her treasure ships to sail she sent out a fleet to bring them home. A swift English pinnace kept them in sight for three days, and then sped away to the Azores, where Howard and Grenville lay waiting for the foe.

Our ships had now been six months at sea. Their hulls were foul, they were short of water and ballast, and, worse still, half the men were dead or sick of scurvy and fever. When news of the coming of the new armada arrived the sick men were ashore, and there was only just time to get all aboard and set sail before the enemy hove in sight. Against our six ships their ships numbered 53, of which 15 were battleships, swarming with men.

Howard could but flee, bidding Grenville follow with all speed; but Grenville had ninety sick men ashore and would not leave them. He had them brought aboard. There was still time for him to escape, but he declared that he would rather die than dishonour himself, his country, and the queen's ship; he would fight his way through the Spanish fleet as he had done before!

ninety fever-stricken comrades. But his spirit was unquenched. Unable to walk, he called the master gunner and bade him sink the ship, so that they might "fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain." The gunner answered "Aye, aye," and prepared to do his bidding. There remained only twenty men alive on the Revenge, all wounded, and they pleaded with Grenville:
We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard
promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to
strike another blow.

In the end some of the crew went aboard a Spanish ship and made peace for the rest, and the Spaniards, anxious to see and to save this marvellous Englishman who had dared so much, went aboard the Revenge, to find him dying, and so incapable of realising their fears that he would blow up the ship with them and himself on board.

A Hero's End

Gently they bore him to their flagship and laid him down by the mast. His last fight was fought, his last brave words were spoken, and he died where he lay. They stood looking upon him with wonder and awe, for never in history had a man made such an effort against such odds, one little ship against 53.

After the dead and dying had been removed from the Revenge a fierce tempest rose, and, with nearly a score of the ships with which she had fought, she "went down by the island crags, to be lost evermore in the main."

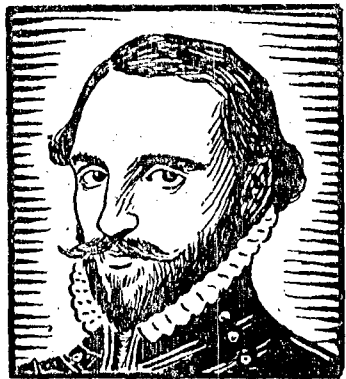
It is Sir Walter Raleigh to whom we owe the story, for in a priceless chapter of prose he embalmed the memory of his cousin and the culminating triumph of his life. Very beautifully he pictures the obsequies of the little ship, the sinking of the wrecked Spanish ships with her:

So it pleased them to honour
the burial of that renowned ship
the Revenge, not suffering her to
perish alone, for the great honour
she achieved in her lifetime.

A Glorious Folly

The effect of that battle was more profound and terrifying to Spain, historians tell us, than the defeat of her Armada. If one English ship could wreak such havoc on 53 Spanish ships, they said, what naval power could survive the fury of 53 such ships? Flores in the Azores was to England what Thermopylae was to Sparta, when Leonidas and his immortal three hundred held at bay the army of an empire till the three hundred were slain. As every Spartan shared the glory of that immortal day, so every Englishman felt that by the incomparable valour of Sir Richard Grenville his own dignity was ennobled.

The event has passed into history and has given us a literature. It was a glorious folly, an avoidable tragedy, but Raleigh made of it a prose epic, and Tennyson, turning the grand narrative into poetry, made of it the greatest battle-song in our language. His poem has been set to music, and this indomitable hero lives enshrined in the admiration of his nation for ever.



His sailors roared a hurrah, and the Revenge was headed for the foe. But the unforeseen happened. The great San Philip towering above the Revenge, took the wind from her sails so that she lay becalmed and helpless. The San Philip, three times the size of the Revenge, carrying tier on tier of guns, grappled her, four other ships drew up and enclosed her, and the thunder of artillery broke from them all.

The battle opened at three in the afternoon and lasted 15 hours, such a sea battle as was never fought before or since; but the Spaniards, with their thousands of soldiers and seamen against our poor hundred, found they had caught a veritable fury, and soon the mighty San Philip was so damaged by the Revenge that she had to withdraw, and another took her place.

Animated by the cry of Grenville to "Fight on! Fight on!" the Englishmen beat the foe down with their pikes, fought them back to their ships, or hurled them into the sea. Ship after ship drew back defeated; but ship after ship came up fresh to battle with the wearied but unflagging English.

A Night of Battle

The sun went down and the stars came out, but the battle had no abatement. Near midnight Grenville was wounded, and the surgeon who was attending him was slain at his side. Twice more he was shot, but still he cried "Fight on!" Throughout the night the conflict raged, and when dawn broke the Spanish fleet lay in a ring with broken sides.

But the Revenge was in a terrible plight. Sails and masts and upper works were gone; her deck was level with the sea, and her powder and shot were exhausted, her weapons broken and bent. She had received 800 Spanish cannon balls, and there was six feet of water in the hold where Grenville had laid his

Mr Wang Writes Out a Cheque

The spirit with which China maintains her resistance to Japan has won the admiration of the world.

Such a resistance, of course, could not have been organised unless General Chiang Kai-Shek was able to rely on men of character and resolution. One of these is General Chang, formerly a bandit general, so that he knows all the tricks of guerilla warfare.

General Chang is a devout Christian who gives away great sums in charity. He has spent thousands of dollars on beautifully printed Bibles for gifts.

He was asked once for his favourite text, and, taking one of his Bibles, he underlined in red a passage from Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians:

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the last of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace, which was bestowed upon me, was not in vain.

Three men were once busy in the office of the Chungking High School. One was a missionary, the second was the Principal of the school, the third was a rich

merchant banker of the city, Mr Wang. He was in the act of writing a cheque for 100,000 dollars when the air-raid siren sounded and the three made a dash for the shelter. An hour later they emerged, returned to the office, and completed the transaction.

Some months before, Mr Wang had been imprisoned on a petty charge, and one of his few visitors was his friend the Principal of this school. They talked of many things, and the Principal presented Mr Wang with one of General Chang's New Testaments. As his imprisonment dragged on the banker began reading, and one day, in the dim light of his cell, he began to see the meaning of the Kingdom of God, and when the day of his release arrived he hurried over to the High School and told the news.

It was on one of those visits that he was in the act of writing the cheque. He had become convinced that in the day of reconstruction, when the war was over, China would need a great commercial university in Chungking, and in anticipation of that day he was putting into the able hands of the Methodist Church enough money to build the first unit.

THE LIFE OF THE TANKER MAN

STILL it is true that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Life on a tanker, for example! In these specialised vessels, built solely to carry oil, life is soaked in its evil smell. It permeates everything.

And think of the special danger of it in war, for which the bond-slaves of the tanker receive a trifle more than the sailors in ordinary merchantmen! They

are constantly exposed to the risk of fire when in the danger area, and at last something is being done about it. A special garment has been devised for protection against burning oil; it is made of fire-proof fabric and has a hood with mica eye-guards, a cape, and gauntlets. The lifeboats are fire-proof and equipped with pumps to give a powerful spray of water, and asbestos blankets are provided.

BEDTIME CORNER

As Easy as Winking

RONNIE wasn't very good at sums. He might have been much better if he had tried; but he didn't. So one day his teacher gave him a long sum to do as a punishment. And there he sat, when school was over, drumming on the table with his pencil, feeling very cross, and longing to join the others as they ran off home.

Presently the last one had gone and everything was quiet. Then a car drove up to the front door and a bell rang, and after a few minutes the teacher came in.

"Have you done your sum?" she asked.

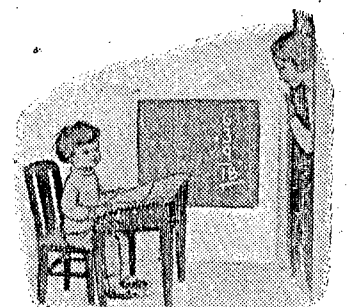
Ronnie shook his head. "That's a pity," the teacher said. "Your uncle has come to take you for a ride over the downs and he can't wait."

Ronnie stared at the sum in his book. "It's a horrid one," he muttered gloomily. "It'll take hours."

"Not if you give your mind to it," said the teacher. "I'll come back in five minutes." And she went out and left him.

But the sum was finished—and the answer right—in less time than that.

The teacher was surprised. "That just shows . . ." she began.



But Ronnie wasn't listening. In a flash he was out of the room and running across the courtyard.

"That was a near thing," smiled his uncle, as he started up the engine. "I've an important call to make, and I couldn't wait. What was keeping you?"

"Only a silly little sum," answered Ronnie. "As easy as winking, really—I mean," he added, "when I thought hard."

MARS IN CHASE OF THE RAM

Seeking Its Golden Fleece

THE late evening sky is of great interest now, writes the C.N. Astronomer, because the fiery-looking Mars appears to be trying to reach Aries, the famous Ram with the Golden Fleece, and first constellation of the Zodiac. Anyone may observe this for himself



The nearest approach of Mars to the chief stars of Aries

by noting the position of Mars, now so prominent, low in the eastern sky and close to the stars of Aries, a little way to his left.

Allegorically significant may seem his gradual approach to this celestial treasure. According to the 3000-year-old story, the Ram was sacrificed at the eastern region of the Black Sea and its Fleece of Gold removed. To find and bring back this treasure the famous Argonaut expedition was equipped by the Greeks; their good ship Argo sailed across the Black Sea, manned by such famous heroes as Hercules, Orpheus, Theseus, Castor, and Pollux.

After many adventures the ship reached the Grove of Aries in Colchis, in the present Batumi area of the Caucasus, and the precious Golden Fleece was secured. The constellations of Aries and Argo have symbolised this mythological adventure ever since.

Now, during the last three months, the heavens have presented the spectacle of Mars, which symbolises so much that is evil, apparently trying to reach this Golden-Fleeced Ram, Aries, but he does not quite get there. On September 6, Mars will reach his nearest point to the Ram, as indicated on the star-map, which

shows Mars quite close to the outstretched paw of the Ram.

After September 6, however, Mars will begin to recede from the Ram and its Fleece, and will remain among the Fishes (the constellation of Pisces) until the end of the year he dwindles into insignificance. Meanwhile Mars will become brighter as, week by week, he comes nearer to us; at present he is about 43 million miles away.

The three chief stars of Aries may be easily found a little to the left of Mars and at a higher altitude. These are Hamal, Beta, and Gamma. Hamal, an Arabic name meaning sheep, is the Sheep Star of the sky, though it is also known as Alpha Arietis. It is actually about twice the size of Sirius, the Dog Star, which appears the brightest; but Hamal is about nine times farther away, its light taking 76 years to reach us. The light from Mars takes but little more than three minutes to reach us just now.

Two Million Miles Wide

We may thus realise how vast is the actual distance between Mars and Hamal, which accounts for Mars, a little world only 4200 miles in diameter, appearing so much brighter than Hamal, which is a great sun about two million miles in diameter. Actually, Hamal pours out about 50 times more light than our Sun, whereas Mars merely reflects a relatively small portion of our Sun's light—about an eight-hundred-millionth part of the Sun's light being received by Mars.

This Martian sunlight appears reddish, because so much of it is reflected from the red rocks and sand of the vast "Saharas" that cover a great part of the planet's surface. From this we infer that iron enters largely into the composition of Martian surface rocks and sand, as is the case with a large proportion of our Earth's rock and sand. Iron also enters largely into the composition of Hamal, but there it is in a state of fiery vapour at a white heat.

G. F. M.

ADAM DELVES AND EVE SPINS

A Surrey School & Its Five Acres

A SELF-SUPPORTING community is the description given of his school by its headmaster, at Lingfield in Surrey.

He was proudly wearing a sports jacket spun and woven by his children from tufts of wool collected on the hedgerows.

This coat, however, is only a by-product of his energetic community of boys and girls, from 11 to 15, for this is a Central School. Ten acres of land belong to it, and five of them only are kept for games, the rest having been ploughed, sown, and harvested. Wheat over six feet high, as well as oats, has been raised on half the area, while the other part has been devoted to vegetables and raising stock—real mixed farming. Last autumn the wheat was milled into flour, which was made into bread for the children to eat, while the straw was used for bedding the pigs.

Food From the Farm

This year these young farmers come under the dignity of the Government scheme and their wheat will form part of the National Wheat Pool.

But they will secure ample food from their little farm, providing themselves with extras from the sale of their surplus pigs, geese, rabbits, and poultry in the live-stock section. They have built a large hay-rick from the grass in the neighbouring churchyard, and we are sure the parson and the vergers will be grateful for their labours in this sacred enclosure.

The canteen and the tuckshop feed 300 children every day, providing a hot meal for 4½d, out of which a small profit is made. The potatoes in the pies all come from a converted rubbish-heap, so thoroughly has this excellent band of workers turned to account every possible square yard.

The C.N. congratulates them all and hopes many other country schools will adopt their plan of self-help in these times of hard rations.

The Road Plague

From a Correspondent

I live on a hill at the foot of which two roads diverge, making a dangerous corner. At moderate speed a vehicle would be in little or no danger, but, as my roadman friend puts it, they are in too much of a hurry to live.

The latest accident at the point referred to caused the death of a young woman of 30, mother of a little girl, who was in a hurry to meet her husband, an airman.

This and other terrible cases suggest that the Ministry of Transport might well make an order for the provision of notice-boards painted in red with the inscription

A WOMAN WAS KILLED AT THIS SPOT

The board to bear the date of the death, and to be kept standing for a month or two.

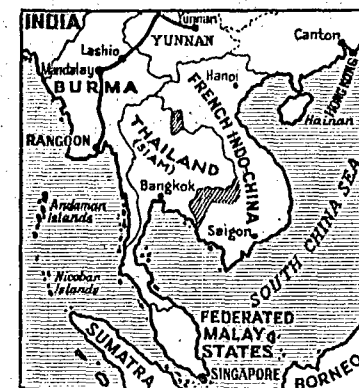
The Japs Come Creeping Toward the Free People

BY occupying aerodromes in Indo-China, by establishing bases for her fleet and landing her army on that French colony's coast, Japan has taken the last step but one for an attack on our Empire. It remains for her now only to make herself master of Siam, or (as we must now call it) Thailand.

Readers of the C.N. may recall that when we recorded the official change of name we did so with eagerness, for Thai means Free People, and though they have for centuries called themselves by this name they have been Siamese to the rest of the world.

They have always been on good terms with the Anglo-Saxon peoples, the Empire and America supplying the bulk of Thailand's needs and receiving in exchange her rice, of which she produces five million tons a year, and her rubber, of which her annual shipments are 42,000 tons. Her exports of teak, the cutting of which is almost entirely in British hands, is worth £800,000 a year.

The British flag brought peace and security to this land of



The shaded areas show the land ceded by French Indo-China to Thailand

200,000 square miles with a population of 14,500,000, for the inclusion of her western neighbour, Burma, in the British Empire put an end to centuries of border wars. As recently as 1767 the Burmese captured and destroyed Ayuthia, which had been the capital since 1350, when the first King of All Thailand arose to rule over the Lao-Tai people, Chinese who had been expelled south by Kubla Khan a century earlier.

An absolute monarchy until nine years ago, Thailand then

adopted a Constitution under which everyone over 20 votes for a representative in the Assembly of the People, from which the State Council is chosen. The king is Ananda Mahidol, a youth of 17, who was at school in Switzerland when his democratic uncle, King Prajadhipok, abdicated.

To mark the new regime Britain surrendered its ancient right of trying its own subjects in consular courts, and so recognised Thailand as equal in status with all other nations.

A Rise in Prestige

Trade and political treaties have since been signed, and Thailand looks to this country for support, though circumstances have forced her to accept Japan's insincere aid in obtaining long-disputed areas from Indo-China. Japan has been the first to appoint a full ambassador at Bangkok, but such flattery inspires no feeling of security.

Thailand, indeed, is a good base from which to attack Burma across a long boundary, on the west and Malaya in the neck of the peninsula to the south. Singapore is only 350 miles from the boundary. Japan may be seeking to take advantage of the magnificent roads the Thais have been building to replace the waterways which were once their chief means of transport, and the railway which runs for over 1000 miles south to join the Malayan railway to Penang and Singapore.

This railway goes north and south through Bangkok, the capital, which, with its lovely suburbs, covers ten square miles and has nearly a million people. Thousands of them live in boats on the canals, and the River Menam, whose banks are flanked by houses on piles, for floods are frequent in this mountainous and tropical land. Its coasts are lined with mangroves, and there are jungle-swamps haunted by poisonous snakes and inhabited by innumerable elephants.

Why Should the People Toil For Ever?

It is worth while to remember these few words from an interview the Prime Minister gave to Miss Dorothy Thompson.

AN Englishman's home—it's a fine phrase. It was never so fine a reality.

No one can govern England who forgets the people. They saved England, you know, a year ago, and again after the great blitzes. They deserve to win. They deserve to win gloriously—and they shall.

There never was such a stake—the hopes of three-fourths of the people of all the world!

Families in remote Chinese villages, people on the Russian steppes, covering men and women in Poland, those in the rabbit-warrens of Paris, on the dykes of Holland and Norway—all the disarmed and helpless are

crying silently to the Anglo-Saxon world to rescue them.

And the price of all this suffering—our transitory lives! Not all of us will grow old.

Why should the people work and toil and never have a secure roof with wealth going to waste everywhere? Why not strike an international balance-sheet on surplus commodities.

Must the Chinese peasant live for ever on rice and fish? Why should he?

Did the Dutch ever do anybody any harm? Did they govern their colonies badly? Did they neglect their people? Did they waste their wealth? Did they trample on other nations?

There will be so much to do when all this is over. This can be a wonderful world—or a shambles and a prison.

One Engine's Two Airscrews

AIRCRAFT designers are continually striving to improve planes, and one ingenious device of which great things are expected is a new airscrew which is actually two screws working in opposite directions on the same engine. Each unit has three blades.

With the screws rotating in opposite directions the slipstream effect is counteracted and the plane's take-off is made safer. This is particularly useful in the case of fighters operating from the decks of aircraft-carriers, where quick take-offs are essential. The screws, too, may be of smaller diameter, a great advantage for amphibian aircraft, enabling the engines to be placed nearer the water. It is not suggested that the new arrangement has other great advantages at ordinary speeds, but when high speeds are reached there is a big gain in efficiency, as much as seven per cent at 500 m.p.h., and for fast, high-flying planes a much improved performance is claimed.

In spite of its increased efficiency the new constant speed contra-rotating airscrew, as it is called, is only 47 pounds heavier than an airscrew of normal type, which weighs about 450 pounds.

LET THE DEAF SPEAK

AT the Infants Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster, the classes for deaf children in danger of becoming dumb, because of their lack of hearing were conducted before the war in a highly successful and scientific way. The peril that flies by night (and by day) has necessarily hampered this fine work, which the C.N. has noted in less perilous days, but it is being carried on elsewhere, and notably at an Institute for the Deaf at St Louis, U.S.A.

An interesting experiment recorded by Miss Klorer, the Principal, is that of introducing deaf children of three to five to children who can hear in the ordinary way. The mingling improves the deaf children's power of speech to such an extent that when at play they talk much more than those who can hear, and they are generally found taking the lead in the games. They also learn to make fewer gestures when alone with other deaf children.

THE BRAN TUB

PRAISE

The junior clerk was ambitious. "You are getting on finely here," said one of the older hands. "Why, the chief clerk praises you to the skies." "Does he?" queried the young man. "I wish he'd praise me to the boss."

The Gnu

A SHOWMAN to the jungle went And caught a fierce young gnu. Said he, "I'll teach him to perform, And sell him to the Zoo." This man was very much surprised, And quite delighted, too. For lo! each quick and novel trick The new gnu knew.

Do You Live in Sussex?

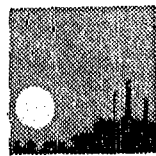
SUSSEX means South Saxons, and was so named because when the Saxons came to Britain, those who settled in this district were called South Saxons to distinguish them from their countrymen who settled in Essex, the land of the East Saxons, and Wessex, the country of the West Saxons.

Inconsistencies

You cannot weigh grammes with a grammar, Nor cure sugar hams with a hammer, Do sums with a summer, Stew plums with a plumber, Nor shear an old ram with a rammer.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west and Mars is low in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east, and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 o'clock on Sunday evening, September 7.



PROBLEM

DADDY (asked little Jack), where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?

TONGUE-TWISTER

KIMBO KEMBLE kicked his kinsman's kettle. Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's kettle? If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle, Where's the kinsman's kettle Kimbo Kemble kicked?

Secret

I'LL tell you a secret, volunteered five-year-old Dolly. What is a secret? asked her little friend. It's something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper, explained Dolly.

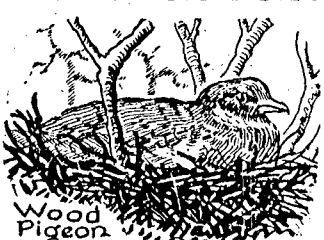
YOU

If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors, Anchored yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats away. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain, steep and high, You can stand within the valley While the multitudes go by. You can chant in happy measure As they slowly pass along; Though they may forget the singer They will not forget the song. Do not then stand idly waiting For some greater work to do; Fortune is a lazy goddess, She will never come to you. Go and toil in any vineyard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you want a field of labour You can find it anywhere.

Riddle in Rhyme

WE are a score, and sometimes more, And in a cave reside; Though seldom tis we disagree, We often do divide. In white array the ladies gay In mirth will often show us; From what is said, we are afraid You will too quickly know us.

FRIEND OR FOE?



BIRDS which become too numerous are apt to change their diet considerably, and our native ring-doves are reinforced during autumn and winter by huge flocks from overseas. Although large numbers of acorns and wild berries are eaten, the wood-pigeon damages tender green crops, destroys clover, and turns to turnips and greenstuff when winter is here. It therefore consumes very little that is harmful to the farmer, and is consequently regarded as a foe to agriculture.

RESOURCEFULNESS

TOMMY, who was staying at his grandfather's farm, ran into the house breathless and excited, and shouted out: "Grandmother, there's a mouse in the milk-pail!" "Well," replied his grandmother, "and didn't you take it out?" "No," said Tommy proudly, "but I threw the cat in."

No Luck For Jacko



CHIMP had been playing Jacko up all the morning. Jacko was determined to get his own back. So he darted into the house, fixed up a nice booby trap, and called: "Hi, Chimp! Want you." But it wasn't Chimp who came in, alas, but—Father!

A DISH OF FRUIT

WHEN properly arranged the letters following will spell the names of six fruits:

PPPLEANEI
SHEAPEC
TANEROPEGAM
LEMSADR
ISROGEORSEBE
CARTSOPI

Answer next week

How General Grant Wrote His Name

GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT led the Union armies to victory in the American Civil War. Not so great a general as his opponent Lee, he was a man

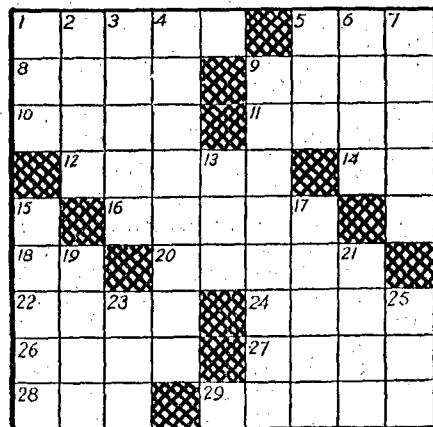
U. Grant

of great resolution and force of character. When Lee had at last to surrender, Grant chivalrously handed back to him his sword. Born in 1822, Grant died in 1885, after having twice been President.

The Preacher and His Horse

THE steed bit his master; How came this to pass? He heard the good pastor Cry, "All flesh is grass."

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 This is possessed in plenty by the answer to the next clue. 5 Our debt to this Service is a heavy one. 8 To cease to possess. 9 To wind spirally. 10 Pertaining to you. 11 Brave man. 12 Hesitate. 14 In this manner. 16 Beast of burden in the Andes. 18 Postscript. 20 Prepares for publication. 22 An excuse. 24 Frigid. 26 A grassy space, smoothly mown. 27 This plant yields a medicine which takes the plural form. 28 Mother of us all. 29 A narrow passage.

Reading Down. 1 To assail briskly. 2 A noose. 3 Customary. 4 Sky-coloured. 5 Female of the hart. 6 Melodies. 7 A superabundance of water. 9 Pertaining to the study of drugs and medicines. 13 Melancholy. 15 A popular fruit. 17 A coral island. 19 One of a race of Eastern Europe. 21 The blackthorn. 23 A lamb's mother. 25 A former title of Governors of Algiers.

An Air Force Parade



Orderly Officer: "Have you preened your feathers this morning, my men?"

More Things Made and More Money to Buy Them

Boy. May we talk again about Pay? We said that, especially in wartime, a rise in wages may be an illusion, leading to higher prices and leaving the earner no better off.

Man. Yes, to put it broadly, more money wages do not mean more real wages unless more goods are produced to buy with the extra money.

Boy. But between one trade and another there seem to be such wide differences of pay.

Man. That is so, and there is a strong case for greater equality of wages. Whatever the size of the mass of goods produced by the total work of the nation, all who work should receive their fair share. It follows that there is a strong case for adjusting wages between trade and trade, and that can only be done by raising the money wages of the badly-paid occupations.

Boy. I suppose it would be useless to expect the better-paid trades to agree to a reduction to enable the worse-paid to get more?

Man. Yes, such a thing is unheard of. Those in the best-paid trade hold, and with truth, that modern work ought to yield them more of comfort than they enjoy, and constantly press for more remuneration.

Boy. It is strange that seamen and agricultural workers should be paid less than engineers, for surely their work is as important as that of any other occupation.

Man. Yes, land work and ship work are primary essentials of our national and individual life, yet both on farm and ship the men are ill-paid. It is surprising to find that poor rates are paid to seamen in

peace, for their life is full of hardship and danger, and in war the small bonus they receive is all too little for the terrible hazards they run. It is true there is no danger in farm work, but who can justify its low wages compared with that received by many munition workers in war and by many trades in peace?

Boy. How did the poor pay of farm workers come about?

Man. It was the primary occupation in the old days of almost universal poverty, when hard work was needed to yield the bare necessities of life. When the mining and metal trades came, founding the Machine Age, agriculture was drawn upon for industrial workers. Men left the farms, glad to get just a little more in the factories when a little more seemed much. This only affected farm workers near the coal mines, whose remuneration rose a little, but only a little, for the conception of paying good wages in industry was as yet foreign to us. Away from the mines the farm wages remained at the old low level.

Boy. Why are wages higher in America?

Man. Because in America, at the beginning of machine industry, there was no body of low-paid agricultural workers to draw upon for machine work. Land was free; a citizen could claim 160 acres on merely promising to work them. In conditions like that town wages had no low keynote to keep them down, and a high-wage system was established. One day we shall have it here. Our aim must be plenty of production with everything fairly shared by workers, receiving good wages.

Ici on Parle Français

L'Épée de Damoclès

Denys le Tyran avait invité son courtisan Damoclès à un festin. Il ordonna à ses serviteurs de lui servir les mets les plus délicats et de la traîner en prince.

Damoclès, au comble de la joie, se renversait sur son siège pour vider une coupe de vin, lorsqu'il aperçut au dessus de sa tête une épée très lourde et très aiguë, suspendue au plafond de la salle par un seul cheveu.

Denys avait voulu montrer à son hôte que la gloire des princes ne tient qu'à un cheveu.

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